

Throb of crickets.

It's dark.

One small blue light between the well house and  
the wide, full maple that,  
bending forward, brushed a steady rhythm against my  
bedroom window.

I had a sense of her over in  
a soft cool florescent hum.

The smell of coffee,  
the smell of an old gas stove,  
and the touch of her cool nightgown.

I still hear the tree, the hum,

smell the coffee and stove, cling to the  
soft cotton, and  
sense that blue light.

-Dana Dalton

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